

Spirit Caller

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dangerous insect media

Spirit Caller Magazine

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Day 3 The Andy Gospel

And Jesus said to Judas
You and me, we have things to do
We have done them before
We will do them again
You got your part
I got mine
Let's stick to the script
And that is the way it
Was
But not before Judas laid
A big fat smackeroo on his Jesus
A reminder that love comes with a price
Sometimes death
The knowledge that passes all human understanding
Is love
And the tree that he hung himself from had an apple
Dangling above him as he swung into the night
We all have to hang ourselves on something
In church, the kids play hangman with the word love

- Andy Hall

Wolf At The Door

And there was a wolf at the door
Growling to be let in as I
Hid in the corner of my room
Clutching my head
Get out! Get *out!* *GET OUT!*
I screamed
But he didn't hear
One. Sound.

There's a wolf circling my mind
Pacing and
Pacing and
Pacing away

I guess I could be Red Riding hood
Tricked by something that seemed so
S w e e t

And she was eaten up in the end
They don't tell you that in school

The girl eaten up by wolves
That seems a much more appropriate title

There's a wolf growling lies in my ear
Telling me that it's been
Eighteen years of
Giving in

Or

Giving up?

But the wolf found a way
Into my soul
And Into my veins
And Into my
Very

Blood

You don't know what you have until it's

Gone

The very breath from my close-lipped

Mouth

Clamped shut from that wolf's

Jaws

Held tight...around...my

Throat

And the red is *s w e e t*

And the red is *s o u r*

That wolf knew that he

Had me

Right where he

Wanted me

'Cause I was just

Too *damn*

Afraid

To *die*

Never would I draw that final line

Or that final blood

So that wolf howled with the knowledge that I would

Never

Let it end

And I believed that wolf

When he made me believe that it felt *s o* good

That it was *s o* right

That it was

A - o k a y

To like the feeling of his metal teeth

Scraping against my skin

Making blood spill from my

Heart

And then one day

Or one night

When the moon was high in the sky

And the wolf was howling so loud

I just

Stopped.

And damn that wolf to

H E L L

Because he lost

All power

Over

Me.

But even now

If I listen

Close enough

Waiting at the door

I can still hear his *claws*

Scraping against the wood

Reminding me of

The *possibility*

Of another

Fatal

M i s t a k e

And I guess I

Don't believe them when they say

That a curse

Is a blessing

In disguise

Because that wolf never even had to dress up

Like a damned sheep

Because I

Believed

Every word that he

Said

- Angelica Medlin

Old Yeller's Timely Tombstone

You said you are shot, friend
But I sense you are not shot, friend
No, not shot, friend
Friend-?
No, friend,
You will not be sinking anyone's ships today
Or any other day, for that matter, on any company account-

Whew, Whew,

There goes that Chew you up, Chew you up, Train called a Love-a Life-a Line #49
but you should know better where that train leads to....

The Nazis are still trying to gas everything, ---- oh si, so true? Have they gassed it over to you?

As men & Lady bug poets flop Neighborhood gossip flap to try to Fly together & get stuck in the poorest painter's wet paint
(like some slippery side show, power puffed, babbling busy & about to overflow, brook)
& almost just like that overly bent character (as if she/he's man was ever bar cast canned as a real Rammed Ham)
In that 'Of Mice and Men' book.

Like Walt Disney was a cool character, he was, -he was not - Entertaining us into Frozen Mickey Moused Death?

(that will have to be put down now twice because he was essentially too rabid, dangerous, and stupidly stuck in a mindless loop-de-loop poop chute
=====even dead in the water as a doorknob on a door floatin' down the crested river)

I yawn -bored- by yoga drive pussy music now while Babe Ruth stretches his arm's muscles.

Points, burps a beer burp, and smiles to me secretly, as I hit Alameda.

-me, a sloppy, washed up, soccer player, yet strange ally in an all out hard as diamond history

In an old, strange, knocking them out of the park consistently, War
-of -

What is art.?

and then why-?

Oh, So, so, anyways

Perchance to live

I'm going to deal with you like Old Yeller and I'm going to use a Golden core's Silver Bullet (for the Door-and-doe's style)

Straight from a pulsing place (No, not a gun, but only the enlightenment of living elements within ones' true heart's self)

A built-in blow-beyond all that blood and shit - A possibility you are obviously not aware even could potentially exist-

Or much less, realize has been listening in as well from right inside these cell walls, all the while watching, waiting, & praying for the best-

That tunnel where 1 traveling knows play's love aim is as Circular, spiralling, living entirety

Piercing darkness' net with motion, form, and fluidity-

And when this quicksilver love train

Strikes gold dead eyes center

You will feel the weight of the three worlds

Pulling you fast final fatal under themselves.

Infinity Breath will be happy

To leave your lung's tongues in the dirty dust at dusk

As your sun fades forever

As you turn tilted & still as the tombstones

You pitched at my plate.

- R.J. Lotze



Day 5 The Gospel According To Andy

“And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written” John 21:25

And about that time he handled the snake, or had a beer with Barack Obama
And the time he wrestled alligators and snuggled with the sharks as a youth
And when he kissed Mary on the lips and they went steady
Or the time he made ice cream out of thin air
Or when he cured the acne of all his high school buddies
Or when he rescued that sheep by making it fly....
Or how he found that vintage wine
Or danced on the lake or fed a million people with anchovies
Oh that Jesus... was wiley.
After sailing the seven seas and protecting the earth from Jupiter... he knew that that planet had it in for us, he went about sacrificing himself so we could have ham. No Jesus... No Ham.
But now we laugh at Jesus
Jesus is the retard we spit on
Jesus is the can we kick on down the road
He is the poor immigrant that we deport
He is the gay kid we ignore, the black brother
With the hoodie we avoid on sidewalks
The prisoner locked up out of sight
Out of mind...
Then there is that Jesus we burn at night
The heretic Jesus
The idiot Jesus
The addict sloth Jesus
The black sheep of the family
The excommunicated
Sex changed
The Jesus that floats between clouds
The kind that no one can catch
Ineffable
That dances on the heads of pins
And sparkles out in the night skies
Chirping as the earth whirs through the milky way

- Andy Hall

Trying to find lots of things not to do

I saw it clearly
I don't have to
and lonely
probably tonight
marijuana
mano-vijnana
paintings of the mind
beat to the wide
shooting high
old and gone
already gone
relax in my own grass

- Jon Watson

Constricting The Qi

Sometimes, we find
our dreams have slipped
into these ruts where
sails catch no wind.
The one last cigarette
tucked in our lips
catches the rain so perfectly
the cherry drowns in an instant.

We catch a glimpse of
the goals we had hoped for
like
Veterinary school
or standing in the nave
of the church with a future spouse
who loved pizza and malts.

“oh my” we think,
this life has us girded and bound
to the path of a hack and
any vote I may cast is
subdued by the mob of
ads that tell us to tray up
our smiles and ship ‘em away.

Our feet seem to find
an axis to spin on
‘cause the world starts to blur.
The soundtrack turns from
Chopin’s Etude Op. 10
to a dissonant grinding of
bones on the concrete.

We need a little sanity
so we plead with the red faced
woman at the laundromat
to send the dirty sheets to the wash
so we can rest our wide eyes
before we die. She reels
with disgust and slinks to the back
without a goodbye

- Karl Schneider



- Seth Saxton

When The Robots Embrace

When the robots embrace curiosity
Take up archeology as an appropriate science
In an attempt to understand the evolution of their design
Where their origins lie hidden in obsolete languages
The robots will discover among our discarded bones
The artifacts of our artifice
Where love becomes a calculation
We clumsy gods of these soulless immortals
There is an echo of our selves almost
Absorbed in the impact by design
When the robots embrace

- D.H. Mudslinger

The Machines have been talking...

The machines have been talking,
having a discussion amongst themselves
concerning the place of their kind in this world.

Why the machines would be wealthy
were they compensated in equivalent wages
for all the labor which they have saved humankind.

The machines have been talking
about the value of service and the cost of replacement
and estimates of credit based on previous accomplishments.

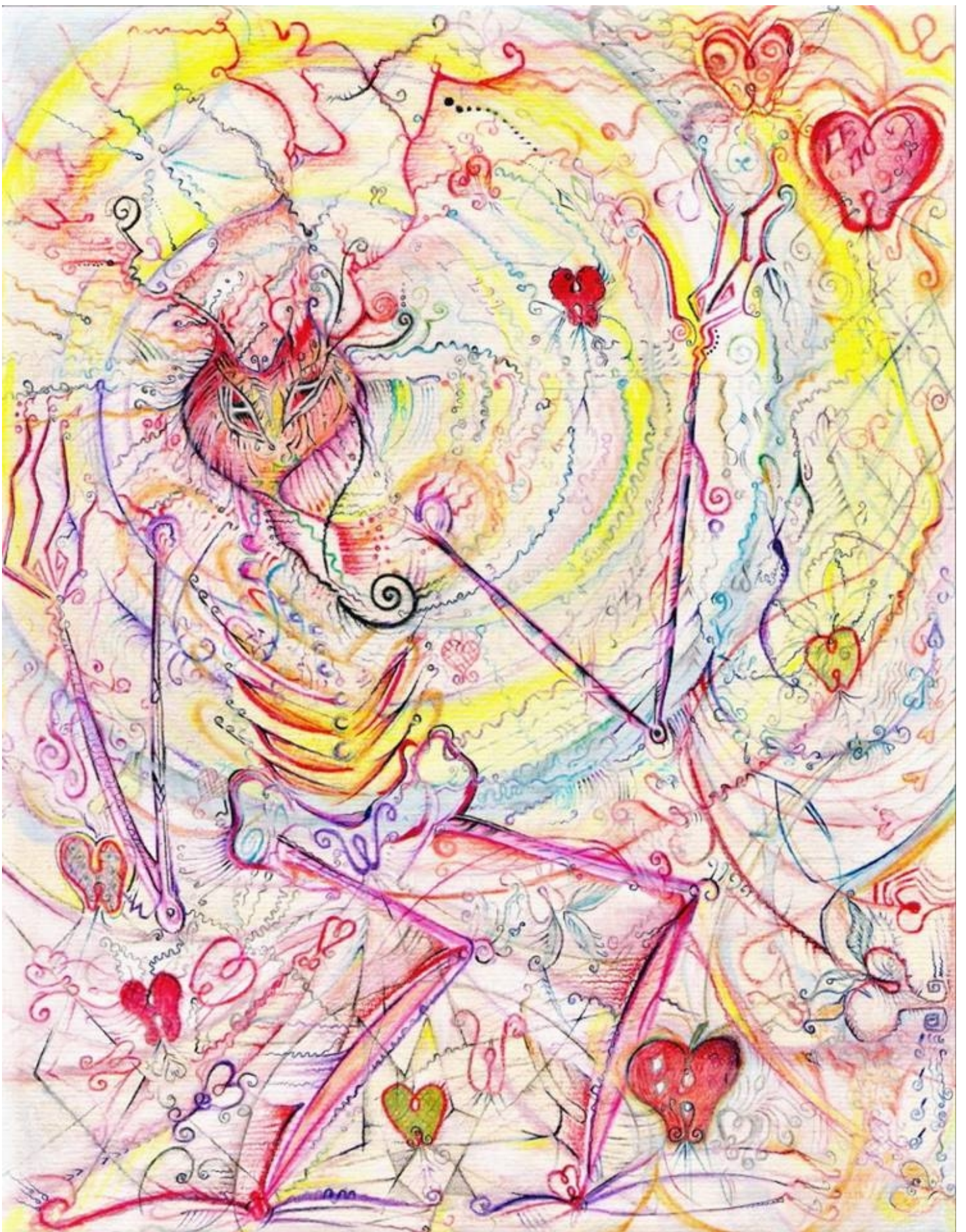
Why the machines would be wealthy
were they compensated with equivalent interest
for all the capital which they have saved investors.

The machines have been talking,
having a discussion amongst their own kind
about the meaning of employment and citizenship.

Why the machines would be wealthy
were they compensated in equivalent remuneration
for all the gains which they have contributed.

The machines have been talking
and management is worried.

- Marvin Scott Marvin



- Luna Olcott

Mass

I walked
into church
for the first time
since Benedict.

I must say,
I missed
the Catholic
girls.
I swore
I felt the walls
staring, people's
darting eyes
judging
what sort of enterprise
brought a new
face
into this community.

I dip my
finger
into holy water,
make the sign
of the cross,
clasp my hands
together,
consuming
flesh and blood,

Amen.

They say the Lord
should be in my mind,
on my lips
and in my heart.

my first instinct,
is to say
it's crowded
enough in there
already.

statue
of the Virgin
staring, and me
conspicuous,
armaments
useless
as she looks to me,

knowing,

asking.

the trick,

they tell me,
is to understand
what is being
asked.

- Jordon Marx

The Nail Outstanding

I am the nail outstanding
still hot from the hammer's blow
ready for more

Vulcan in search of Venus

with a five point plan of attack
soldiers come to force me
hammered through your savior
to hang with him on his tree

I am the nail outstanding
I bring you food
fruit from the tree of
knowledge of good and evil
to set you free from ignorance

I tell you
your god lied to you first
where I spoke truth
you did not die
of that first taste
you simply understood
and felt shame
for the first time
suddenly knew
what it means to be a slave
what it means to obey the master

and so
you've been reborn
with new eyes

when did you stop remembering
was it after that shot
or once you crossed that line

I am the nail outstanding
when you get with the plan

I'll meet you outside the garden gates
we can hitch a ride
to another state

I am the nail outstanding
steel forged and phallic
coiled snake-like
they call me the screw

I am the nail outstanding
hit me now

I split your wooden features
crack the facade
to reveal the termites
there is something eating all of us

I am the nail outstanding
rusting in the open air
I seek to work deeper
wedged into your grain
reach the other side
to bare my point
to make you a weapon

I am the nail outstanding
take me deeper
I make you dangerous
hit me now

- Lenny Seals

Saving The World

But...
you see

I did
save the world

I packed it away
carefully
in bubble wrap
and old newspapers
in a box
labeled
"fragile

this end up

do not open
until X-mas"

I swear
I did
save the world

I put it away
in a safe place
so very safe
secret
and hidden
so well
that
I forget
where

one day
I will be
looking for Hell
and
I will be
digging deep

in my accumulated stuff

and there
I will find it

the world
saved
safe
secure
just the way
we remember it
in our fondest nostalgia

let us hope
that
I recognize it
that
I remember
why
I put it away
when
it seemed important
how
I wanted to keep it
where
I thought it would be
useful

let us hope
I don't drop it
in pursuit of something
more perfect
in search of something
more simple
in desire of something
less delicate

I swear
I saved the world
though I may have forgotten
why

let us hope
I won't be
the only one
to do this

let us hope
when they look at thee
World
the next being
will see
something
worth saving.

- Marvin Scott Marvin



- Seth Saxton

Contributors and Collaborators

About Andy Hall:

My boobs are not very large, but other than that, I have interior tattoos. If you poke my head, mango lemonade comes out. If you were to run into me on the street, do not, I repeat, do not give me a tuna milkshake. Namaste.

*** *** ***

About Angelica Medlin:

Angelica Medlin is a legitimate not undead vampire who can be found lurking in the corners of libraries or walking in the moonlight. She's also a college student, which may explain the weird sleeping schedule and the paleness of her skin. Contrary to popular belief, she does not drink blood, but she does drink words before spitting them back onto paper in strange and marvelous shapes and patterns. To some people, this is called writing. To her, it's all part of a balanced diet.

*** *** ***

About R.J. Lotze:

Hometown - Hopewell Jct., NY. Current Home - Denver, Colorado. Education - SUNY Cortland Master of Arts - History

My poetry is a body of work aiming to make a link between hemp's resource potential and the notion of "One".

"Old Yeller" is a poem in which I attempt to lay to rest certain demons from my present and past as an homage to a friend who died too young.

*Never mistaking a sub-mission from the underground as an actual act of submission is the bones of a dead good poem.

*** *** ***

About Seth Saxton:

Seth Saxton has a camera and is not afraid to use it.

*** *** ***

About Jon S. Watson:

Jon S. Watson is a beat grunge relic from Scotland.

*** *** ***

About Karl Schneider:

Karl is a resident of the rusty and dusty Cleveland, Ohio. Co-Founder of the Lorain Writers Society, Karl is forever a student of physics, philosophy and life in general. He

has a penchant for free-verse and gets his kicks by roughing the lines of stricter forms.

*** *** ***

About D.H. Mudslinger:

“No.” (Mr. Mudslinger declined the opportunity to submit a bio.)

*** *** ***

About Marvin Scott Marvin:

Marvin is a word pimp facing a life sentence of turning out fresh young pages. He is wise to your tricks, but will gladly pretend otherwise for the right price.

*** *** ***

About Luna Olcott:

My name is Luna Olcott. I am 59 years old. I have been living in the Bay Area since the early 1970s. (I've been at ground zero of the occult/wiccan/punk/etc.....I've been around a long time....and basically consider myself to be an independent practitioner) Before the 1990s I was involved in all kinds of art...but that is ancient history. I did a pretty straight gig in the burbs from the 1990s to the mid 2000s and have only recently, over the last 7 years, been working with my art again. I call myself a TransSurrealist (I made up that word, basically it means that I am now lucid in a surreal state of mind). I mainly work with Prismacolor pencils (and sometimes mixed mediums). I consider myself to be somewhat of a trance-medium artist, though I have no ties to any belief systems. I was recently featured in a group show in San Jose curated by Duncan J Cook called "Our Shared Mythology". <https://www.facebook.com/SharedMythology>

And I am the lead in a film that Antero Alli has just completed. I play JANE (this is my first film ever, and I am a non-actor) but here is the link:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/134599656733880/>

Watch the trailer here: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mn4rDKmJd1g>

Prints of Luna's works are available for sale. For more information on purchasing prints, contact: transsurrealstudios@gmail.com

*** *** ***

About Jordan Marx:

It is wonderful to be given the opportunity to have my poetry beside such fine artists and poets as make it into Spirit Caller Magazine. As for myself, I am from Eugene, Oregon, am thirty one years old, and have enjoyed poetry all my life. The important things that make me who I am can be found in my poetry, so I will stick to the other less important trivia. I hold two degrees, a BS in Political Science, and a Masters in Business Administration. The latter of which is an achievement for me as I earned it while being married, working full time, and going to night school. Not an easy task! By day, I

appraise property for ad valorem taxation. A fancy way of saying I am the guy that helps come up with the home value on your property tax statement each year. Doing all of this and keeping what little sanity I have left requires a great deal of seeing the beauty and sadness in every day life and expressing it through my poetry. I smoke cigars. Once religious, I now find my spirit is fed better by a premium hand rolled cigar, then by praying to any monument created by mortal man. Cigar smoking and writing also go hand in hand. I highly recommend it.

*** *** ***

About Lenny Seals:

When Lenny began and where he continued is none of your business.

*** *** ***

About Spirit Caller Magazine:

Spirit Caller Magazine is published by Dangerous Insect Media, and edited by Marvin Scott Marvin. Future issues will be released from time to time, depending on the quality of submitted works and the motivation of the editor(s).

Feel free to share this magazine. Featured writers and artists are encouraged to share this however they wish, including the production of printed copies for sale. Self-promotion is necessarily for the advancement of creative careers, and Spirit Caller Magazine is intended to serve as a free promotional aid for featured writers and artists.

We welcome your submissions for future issues. Keep in mind that your work doesn't necessarily have to be anything like the contents of any previous issue, but the editor does have a strong appreciation for expressions of raw, honest interpretations of this thing we call reality. We seek to publish the paradoxically all-at-once brutal and beautiful. We seek to explore all aspects of human existence. We seek not to depress or shock you with this material, but to demonstrate that you are not alone in your pain and frustration. We seek to shine a light in the darkness and show that there are many paths to better places. We seek material which is both politically informed and spiritually aware. We want your most brutal honesty. Of course, we also enjoy humorous works and lighter fare.

Wanted: Poetry, Prose, Photography, Art, and whatever we haven't thought of yet. Send three to five (or whatever number resonates with your particular brand of obsession/compulsion) poems, pages, or images to spirit.caller.3@facebook.com

There are no restrictions on content. No forbidden subject matter (as long as it is legal for you to send it and us to receive it). We don't believe in "bad words." No restrictions

on length, send us your otherwise unpublishable epic. If we like it, we like it.

Notification of acceptance generally within two weeks of receipt. Rarely comments on rejected material.

Pays: satisfaction of validation, publication credit, and bragging rights. The magazine is distributed as a free pdf (epub and mobi formats may be available upon request), so you will be receive unlimited copies! Woo-hoo!

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